

ISSUE #3

AFTER MIDNIGHT newsletter

THE Gopher Purge

LAYLISTS INSIDE

FREE

Mike Watt

45 rpm



REVEALS THE INSIDE STORY!

H1.

Quality before Quantity I always say. You may have noticed that December's GGP (containing November's playlist) arrived sometime in January. Due to the great amount of work that goes into the production of a fine publication like ours, Gopher Purge will now function as a bi-monthly/monthly/occasional. In other words, when we have enough reviews, obnoxious opinions, playlists, interviews and cartoons assembled, we'll print them and send them to you.

About this censorship thing. I trust that interim station manager Joan Freund and new station manager Jeff Skibbe (welcome Jeff!) are not fanatic prudes. They were and are simply concerned about "community standards." I think that Wichitians are sophisticated enough to accept and even welcome unusual ideas and sounds. Many of you have written to express your views on this ever-boiling issue. Thank you for your letters both pro and con on "limitation." I urge you to continue writing and to send us reviews, news ect. if you get the urge. Address your comments to me: TERI MOTT/GGP/KMUW, 3317 E 17th st., Wichita, KS 67208.

See you at our Kirby's hell-raiser March 26. Thanks for your support of Wichita's small, but mighty alternative arts community.

FUNDRAISERETTE IN THE WORKS

TERI MOTT
MUSIC DIRECTOR
AFTER MIDNIGHT/KMUW

Join us at Kirby's Beer Store Saturday March 26 for entertainment courtesy the Blivets, beverages, free records, a chance to become a member of KMUW, and The Warren Armstrong Look-Alike Contest. Show your support for After Midnight and have a more than adequately entertaining evening.

MANY THANKS TO:

JOEL SANDERSON-ART DIRECTION

Brian Long
Mike Watt
Mrs. Nesmith
The Blivets
Richard Davies
& Kirby's
Stephen Flevet
Don W. Seven

Contributing Artists and Writers

Kevin Mead
Tom Curlees
Tim Gilbert
Bill Covington
Sabina Fowler
Art Greig
Charlie King
Kevin Smith
Pete Studtmann
Racine Zackula
Charlie Maxton

YOU CERTAINLY
KNOW RADIO.
MINE NEVER
SOUNDED BETTER



The Wichita State University
3317 E. 17th Street
Wichita, Kansas 67208
Phone (316) 682-5737

AFTER MIDNIGHT PLAYLIST
JANUARY, 1988



- (*) 1. Jello Biafra -- No More Coccoons -- Alternative Tentacles
- (*) 2. Dinosaur Jr. -- EP -- SST
- (2) 3. Game Theory -- Lolita Nation -- Enigma
- (33) 4. Thin White Rope -- Bottom Feeders -- Frontier
- (*) 5. Naked Prey -- 40 Miles From Nowhere -- Frontier
- (2) 6. These Immortal Souls -- Get Lost (Don't Lie) -- SST
- (27) 7. Legendary Pink Dots -- Stone Circles -- Play It Again Sam
- (22) 8. Young Fresh Fellows -- Refreshments -- Frontier
- (1) 9. Fetchin' Bones -- Galaxy 500 -- Capitol
- (*) 10. Camper Van Chabourne -- Fundamental
- (7) 11. Government Issue -- You -- Giant
- (37) 12. They Might Be Giants -- EP -- Bar None
- (*) 13. Various/David Rudder -- This Is Soda -- Sire
- (38) 14. Yo La Tengo -- New Wave Hot Dogs -- Coyote
- (9) 15. Leather Nun -- Force of Habit -- IRS
- (*) 16. Svens -- Children of God -- Caroline
- (*) 17. Cassandra Complex -- Hello America -- Fundamental
- (*) 18. Great Plains -- Sum Things Up -- Homestead
- (*) 19. Creepers -- Rock & Roll Liquorice Flavour -- Red Rhino/Fundamental
- (*) 20. 1/2 Japanese -- Songs To Strip By -- 50 Skidillion Watts
- (*) 21. Various -- Btg Time Syndrome -- Big Time
- (*) 22. White Flag -- Wild Kingdom -- Positive Force
- (24) 23. Dustdevils -- Rhenyard's Grin -- Fundamental
- (6) 24. Meep Puppets -- Huevos -- SST
- (5) 25. Brian Ritchie -- The Blend -- SST
- (3) 26. Flaming Lips -- Oh My Gawd...!! -- Restless
- (10) 27. Balancing Act -- 3 Squares And A Roof -- Primitive Man
- (*) 28. Gravedigger Five -- The Mirror Cracked -- VOXX
- (*) 29. Chris & Cozey -- Exotics -- Nettwerk/Capitol
- (*) 30. Jandek -- Blue Corpse -- Corwood Industries
- (*) 31. Gun Club -- Mother Juno -- Fundamental
- (*) 32. Original Sins -- Big Soul -- Bar None
- (*) 33. Savage Republic -- Live Trek -- Fundamental
- (36) 34. Elvis Costello -- Out Of Our Idiot -- Demon
- (*) 35. Party Boys -- In Daddyland -- Fundamental
- (*) 36. Doug Orton -- Richard Bratigan's Body -- Gene Pool
- (*) 37. SPK -- Gold & Poison -- Nettwerk/Capitol
- (*) 38. Tim Gilbert -- Local
- (2) 39. Cindy Lee Berryhill -- Who's Gonna Save The World? -- Rhino
- (34) 40. Bedlam Hour -- Rock The Cradle -- Positive Force

AFTER MIDNIGHT PLAYLIST
FEBRUARY, 1988

- (38) 1. Negativland -- Escape From Noise -- SST
- (3) 2. Robyn Hitchcock -- Globe of Frogs -- A&M
- (*) 3. Piques -- If I Should Fall From Grace With God -- Island
- (24) 4. Pixies -- Come On Pilgrim -- 4 AD
- (13) 5. Black Flag -- Heisted Again -- SST
- (*) 6. Killdozer -- Little Baby Buntin' -- Touch & Go
- (36) 7. Breaking Circus -- Smoker's Paradise -- Homestead
- (*) 8. Fall -- "Victoria" -- RCA
- (*) 9. Big Dipper -- All Going Out Together -- Homestead
- (*) 10. Rhythm Rangers -- Local
- (*) 11. Freedy Junz Quartet -- Local
- (1) 12. Swane -- Children of God -- Caroline
- (5) 13. Great Plains -- Sum Things Up -- Homestead
- (6) 14. Firehose -- If'n -- SST
- (17) 15. Jandek -- Blue Corpse -- Corwood Industries
- (*) 16. 7 Seconds -- Live - 1 - 1 -- Positive Force
- (*) 17. Test Department -- A Good Night Out -- Some Bizzare
- (*) 18. Nikki Sudden -- Kiss, Kidnapped, Cherabanc -- Relativity
- (*) 19. Creepers -- Rock & Roll Liquorice Flavour -- Fundamental
- (*) 20. Slamming Maruials -- Epic
- (*) 21. Sisters of Mercy -- Floodland -- Elektra
- (*) 22. Tragic Mulatto -- Locos Por El Sexo -- Alternative Tentacles
- (34) 23. Mission of Burma -- Teang! --
- (14) 24. Camper Van Beethoven & Eugene Chadbourne -- Camper Van Chadbourne -- Fundamental
- (20) 25. Original Sins -- Big Soul -- Bar None
- (29) 26. Live Skull -- Dusted -- Homestead
- (*) 27. Silos -- Teeneasae Fire -- ILA
- (*) 28. Max Eider -- Bast Kisser In The World -- Big Time
- (*) 29. Green -- Elaine McKenzie -- Preveda
- (33) 30. Various -- No Age -- SST
- (*) 31. Various -- Discrepan Hends -- Rave
- (*) 32. Legs Aximbo -- Local
- (*) 33. Laughing Hyenas -- Come Down To The Harry-Go-Round -- Touch & Go
- (*) 34. Sonic Youth -- Wester Dth -- SST
- (*) 35. Fall -- 2selec of Swords Reversed -- Rough Trade
- (*) 36. Blue Hippies -- 40-40 -- Twin Tone
- (*) 37. Spiral Jetty -- Art's Sand Bar -- Incas
- (32) 38. SPK -- Gold & Poison -- Nettwerk/Capitol
- (*) 39. Jazz Dutcher -- Fishcoteque -- Relativity
- (*) 40. Pootisc Bros -- Johnson -- Frontier

- (16) 1. Svens -- Children of God -- Caroline
- (17) 2. Cassandra Complex -- Hello America -- Fundamental
- (*) 3. Robyn Hitchcock -- Globe of Frogs -- A&M
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- (*) 38. Negativland -- Escape From Noise -- SST
- (15) 39. Leather Nun -- Force of Habit -- IRS
- (36) 40. Doug Orton -- Richard Bratigan's Body -- Gene Pool Records

OH TOM, IT'S WONDERFUL
YOU'VE GONE AHEAD TO FAST
IN RADIO. WE NEVER
COULD HAVE GOTTEN
MARRIED ON WHAT YOU
WERE EARNING BEFORE

OUR WORRIES ARE OVER. I'M
A TRAINED RADIO TECHNICIAN
NOW. THERE'S A BRIGHT
FUTURE AHEAD FOR US IN
RADIO



COOL NEW AND UPCOMING RELEASES

Pontiac Brothers-Johnson-Frontier
 Fall-Palace of Swords Reversed-Rough Trade
 Drivin' and Cryin'-Whisper Tames the Lion-Island
 Jazz Butcher-Fishcoteque-Relativity
 Carnival Season-Waiting for No One-What Goes On
 Woodentops-Woodenfoot Cops on the Highway-Columbia
 Semantics-Bone of Contention-SST
 Swa-Arroyo-SST
 Slamming Watuis-CBS
 John Hartford-Me Oh My, How the Time Does Fly-Flying Fish
 White Glove Test-Look-Fundamental
 7Seconds-Live-One Plus One-Giant
 Caberet Voltaire-Eight Crepuscule Tracks-Giant
 E.I.E.I.O.-That Love Thang-Frontier
 Drowning Pool-Satori-Fundamental
 Arms Akimbo-This is not the Late Show-688
 Gary Clail's Tackhead Sound System-Tackhead Tape Time-Netzwerk
 Sonic Youth-Master Dik-SST
 Various-Salvation Soundtrack-Giant
 Screaming Broccoli-Positiva Force
 Mahiathini-Lion of Soweto-Virgin
 Various-Make the City Grovel in It's a Dust-Fundamental
 Various-Thunder before Dawn-Virgin
 Astor Piazzolla-Tango*Zero Hour-Pangaea/IRS
 Phantom Tollbooth-Power Toy-Homestead
 Nick Lowe-Pinker and Prouder Than Previous-Columbia
 Sandi Patti-Makes His Praise Glorious-Word
 Ras Michael-SST
 Salem 66-Natural Disasters and National Treasures-Homestead
 Stcanglers-Epic
 Various-Hairspray Soundtrack-MCA
 Chills-Brave Words-Homestead
 Saccharine Trust-Live-SST
 Smithereens-Green Thoughts-Enigma
 Happy Flowers-Wine Brush 7"-Homestead
 Tar Babies-No Contest-SST
 Various-Town South of Bakersfield v. II-Enigma
 Brian Ritchie-Nuclear War-SST
 Brian Ritchie-Atomkrieg-SST
 EG Allin-Freaks, Faggots and Junkies-Homestead
 GG Allin-Expose Yourself to Children 7"-Homestead
 Velvet Elvis-Enigma
 Ciccone Youth-The Whitey Album-SST
 Hofungo-Bugged-SST
 Happy Flowers-Never Put Your Mouth on a Bomb-Homestead
 Everette Shock-Ghost Boys-SST
 Alter Natives-Group Therapy-SST
 Nice Strong Acn-Secret Language 7"-Homestead
 Variuos-Blasting Concept III-SST
 Screaming Trees-Invisible Lantern-SST
 Verlaines-Bird Dog-Homestead
 Always August-SST
 Wire-A Bell is a Cup Until It's Struck-Enigma
 Das Damen-Triakaidkaphobe-SST

LOCAL AND SEMI-LOCAL BAND SCENE

Ma Hoots & Ricky Dean Sinacra-March 9-Bottleneck, Lawrence
 Jayhawks-March 10-Coyote
 Trip Shakespeare & the Blivets-March 11-Coyote
 Rhythm Rangers-March 11-B-1 Club
 MTA-March 12-Kirby's Beer Store
 Yardapes & Random Aztec-March 14-Grand Emporium, KC
 Homestead Grays-March 21-Lone Star, KC
 Buckwheat Zydeco-March 23-Bottleneck, Lawrence
 Buckwheat Zydeco-March 25-Coyote
 Blivets-AFTER MIDNIGHT FUNDRAISER-March 26-Kirby's
 Bazaar Crossing-March 26-Artichoke Sandwich Bac
 Trip Shakespeare-March 26-Bottleneck, Lawrence
 These Immortal Souls-March 28-Grand Emporium, KC
 Silos & Scruffy the Cat-March 28-Lone Star, KC
 Joe King Currasco-April 2-Grand Emporium, KC
 Graveltones & Paladins-April 4-Grand Emporium, KC
 Paladins-April 9-Coyote
 Neptunes-April 22-Coyote

Starting March 13, Kirby's Beer Store
 will feature Open Mike Night every Sunday night
 at 9:00pm, probably. Come to Kirby's and perform,
 observe or drink unaffected.

Stay tuned to 89.1fm for details concerning
 an After Midnight Bash.

FUN FOR YOU!

Play latest hits. Imitate radio,
 stage stars—even if you can't
 read a note! Lots of fun at
 parties, socials, dances. So easy, you play in a few
 minute's time. Not a toy.



In the file of History's Most Disturbing
 Headlines, "Robertson Takes Hawaii" and "Gun Wielding
 Girl Says Bye-Bye But Doesn't Pull Trigger" come in
 a week second and third to:

Husker Du breaks up

Husker Du, a Minneapolis, Minn.-
 based critically acclaimed under-
 ground band whose latest album,
 "Warehouse: Songs and Stories,"
 was released by Warner Bros. last
 year, has split up. Guitarist-songwrit-
 er Bob Mould this week confirmed
 the breakup and called it "more ami-
 cable than acrimonious." Drummer
 Grant Hart said the split was "not
 amicable at all." No word from
 bassist Greg Norton.



Start of the finger roll,
 basic twirl of the drum
 major's art. As viewed by
 the performer, the baton
 revolves counterclockwise



PRIMITIVE MUSICIANS ABOUT TO TUNE A TUBA USING A SHARP STICK AND UNWARY MAMMOTH.

INTERVIEW

MIKE WATT

Bass player Mike Watt formed the Minutemen in 1980 with guitarist and singer D. Boon and drummer George Hurley. The trio from San Pedro, California blended rock, jazz and funk into an original and refreshing sound. They expressed their political and social concerns with short, intense blasts. Propelling their songs was one of the best rhythm sections in rock. The Minutemen were probably best known for the double album "Double Nickels on the Dime" which attracted a lot of national attention. They followed it up with the ep "Project Mersh" (San Pedro for commercial) which added horns (and choruses), expanding their sound further. Shortly before Christmas 1985, just after the release of "3-Way Tie for Last", D. Boon was killed in a highway accident. Mike Watt and George Hurley resurfaced last year with a new name, a new collaborator, and a new album. Firehose features the talents of Ed Crawford (aka Ed from Ohio) on guitar and vocals. "If'n", the band's second album, was recently released on SST. After Midnight's Charlie Maxton talked to Mike Watt over the phone on a cold day in January.

here and I just thought it was funny. But it gave me a reason to make a band again.

GP: What were you doing at the time. Were you playing?

MW: I wasn't playing. The only thing I had done was Ciccone Youth. In fact, I hadn't even done that, I was just about to. I had just gotten back from New York City and talked to the Sonics about it. And that was going to be my big re-entry into music. They let me play on their album--this one called Evol.

GP: Was Ed intimidated at all to playing with you and George?

MW: I didn't even show him to George for a couple of months 'cause I was scared. I didn't know if George would play with me after that. (laughs) So I had him live under my desk here and I showed him everything I know. I don't know if he was intimidated by us. He would say to me we're gonna take over the world with this real naive kind of a rock star, young kid idea. I was just laughing and said let's just see if we can make it through the first gig, y'know. He had a lot of that kind of audacity that I didn't have, no way. I wouldn't want to be in a band that took over the world. Jesus, what a horrible thought. (laughing) If I joined Loverboy that's what the captain there would probably tell me. But I kind of understand; he just has the fire. I can imagine a weird idea of rock 'n roll for Edward. But after seeing D. Boon and stuff I know he's open minded enough to accept anything I have to say. He told me he saw us in Columbus once.

GP: He was a Minutemen fan then?

MW: Well, when he came here he knew some of the songs on 3-Way Tie but he never heard any of the stuff older than that double album. Yeah, I've read things where people said he was a fanatic and stuff but he wasn't that fanatic. I think he just wanted a chance to play.

GP: Would you say the "If'n" record is similar to the first Firehose record?

MW: I don't think it's the same as the first record at all. Because of the position we were in when we had to write it and, uh, I mean it is that second time in the studio. Ed didn't play hardly any acoustic guitar. I think on only two songs. On the first album there's acoustic guitar on every song. So just in

GP: How's the weather in San Pedro?

MW: Believe it or not, it did rain once last week. Right now it's sunny. It's been in the fifties if you can believe that. That's real cold for us.

GP: Wichita is buried under about a foot of snow.

MW: Man, I heard there was a foot of snow in Raleigh, North Carolina. And, y'know, right before Christmas it did snow in Malibu.

GP: Is that right?

MW: Yeah, for two days. And that was intense, that's never happened. It's probably the Chernobyl thing. That's what everyone says around here. Ed's from eastern Ohio-- this town called Toronto. It's right next to a town called Stubbinville, and some company dumped a whole bunch of oil that polluted the Ohio River that they use. So beyond being freezing to death these guys have no water. This Toronto, the town he's from has got two thousand people. And Pedro is like a small town in California. We're like 65,000. We've got thirty Torontos and we're considered small. Where he grew up there were no clubs, no gigs, nothing.

GP: How did he come to be playing with you and George?

MW: Well, he plays trumpet. He went to Ohio State for a scholarship with the horn. I think guitar was just laying around the apartment for fun; he never played that really--never electric. I don't know what gave him the nerve to get up and come over here, except maybe the weather. He showed up



those terms it's was different. When you come out of left field with a debut album in a lot of ways it's easier. I mean, I've only done it twice now but I kinda think it's easier. Once you've made a record people are expecting certain things. You have to write for 'em and it's hard, in a way.

GP: Do you think your records with firehose are as political as the records you made with the Minutemen?

MW: Well, y'know, the biggest difference is D. Boon being killed, I mean, he ain't there and that's what we're missin'. But, yeah my politics are still as fierce as ever. It's funny 'cause other people don't see that much but if they sat down with me I'd explain it to them. Now Edward, I don't think he's ever even voted yet. You can't expect him to be that aware of it. The big difference is D. Boon being gone. And I miss him, his words, his ideas.

GP: In your liner notes on the Ballot Result album you call Joe McCarthy's Ghost your "exorcism for these 'Top Gun' times".

MW: In a way, Ed's part of my way of relating to these eighties, man. It's strange for me, I don't come out of the eighties. I mean, their almost over but I don't relate to them hardly at all. And these are Top Gun times. I play a lot of colleges, a lot of our audience are college students. I went to college; I have a degree. They are my peers in a way and I do try to relate to 'em, y'know, but Jesus Christ. I remember we played in Tulane right after the basketball scandal. Thesea fucking jocks almost fought with us 'cause D. Boon was giving out stickers about Central American aid.

GP: The Minutemen made a great video for "This Ain't No Picnic" with Ronald Reagan as your guest star.

MW: Yeah, we were the first SST band to use videos. We thought it was way cheaper than ads and more powerful. We made that for four hundred dollars which is less than an eighth of a page in Spin magazine. We're gonna make a firehose video, the first firehose one. Well, there's been one that the French tv people made. They just filmed us at our practice place. They said France needed to see us. I saw it on MTV and that cost us zero to make.

GP: SST has really grown the last few years.

MW: Greg Ginn (Black Flag guitarist and owner of SST) still picks the bands the same way. We were the second SST band after Black Flag. Greg came to our first gig and saw us play. And that's still how he picks bands; he just likes 'em. Sometimes people will buy 'em, sometimes people won't. He doesn't really pick 'em on a merch scale.

GP: What are some of your favorite bands?

MW: Uh, well I like Husker Du and the Meat Puppets and Sonic Youth as peers of mine. And then other people like Captain Beefheart who don't even play music anymore. Uh, let's see, other musicians.... Ornette Coleman, I liked him. Him and his boy, he had his boy in his band.

GP: Any idea what Richard Hell is up to?

MW: He's in another movie, I heard. And he writes poetry. Yeah, he's a great guy. We played with him in Europe about five years ago. That's where I got to shake his hand. It had a big impact on me. D. Boon liked him too.

GP: How did you meet John Fogerty?

MW: Well, he was making a video here in town. I've never met him personally. He gave this note to a kid who was a grip on the set to give to me.

GP: Had he heard any of the Minutemen's covers of his songs?

MW: Yeah, he told the kid he'd heard "Don't Look Now" on Double Nickels. There's a club here called "The Lingerie" which is a real Hollywood, swanky thing. On the double album we recorded that song a little cassette recorder. We did that on purpose because you can hear people talkin' and glasses clinking and stuff. I guess he appreciates that too.

GP: The double album is a pretty diverse collection of songs.

MW: It's my favorite. I still like that one the best. That and the firehose records. It's hard for me to listen to my own records but if I had to I'd listen to Double Nickels on the Dime.

GP: Well, if you're not going to take over the world right away what do you have planned for firehose?

MW: Well, we'll write new songs. I have a lot of songs that weren't used on the If'n record. So we're gonna get these all down and probably record in June and try to get a record out in October.



baby sue comix

Gosh! Baby Sue is SICK today!

I WANT TO BE DEAD.

Let's take her temperature. Hmmm...it seems mighty high!

Why don't you just GO TO HELL???

I guess we'll have to take her to the veterinarian.

Awww...isn't that CUTE? She lost her temper for us!

You're not taking me ANYWHERE. Bug off!

You know what?? I think you are really SEXY!

ME??? Sexy? You've got to be KIDDING!

BABY SUE! How DARE you say such cruel things to me!

I WAS kidding! You are a retarded and repulsive JERK!

Open up your veins, baby. Mommy's got a nice PRESENT for you!

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REVIEWS

THE FALL IN: PALACE OF SWORDS REVERSED ROUGH TRADE

It's extremely difficult to pinpoint exactly what Mark E. Smith, vocalist and leader of the Fall, is talking about. His enunciation is fine, but the regionally esoteric subject matter and his lyrical style make complete (insert a 3 or 4 syllable word that means understand which Kevin's vocabulary brain bank is unable to locate at the moment) an impossibility for anyone who doesn't wear Mark's clothing and look just like the picture on his drivers license. Smith is an adherent to the Humpty Dumpty belief that man should be the master of the meaning and usage of his language. His writing style is similar to William S. Burroughs' cut up style with a beatish rhythm. Had Alice come upon Smith sitting atop a wall he probably would have greeted her with something like "Hexen! Hexen! Two steps back!" and then thrown a rotten egg at her. Listening to Fall records is sort of like having someone slyly winking at you when your vision is blurred and then stretching an unbreathable itch in one of your body crevices. The reasoning behind the action may not be evident, but you're satisfied in the end. (Insertion answer for paragraph #1 worth 5 pt.s 1s Comprehension)

The album at hand is a follow up to their earlier compile Early Years '77-'79. Like that album the tracks are mainly non LP cuts with a few exceptions. ("Pay Your Rates" from Grotesque, "Marquis Cha-Cha" off of Room to Live, and a live version of "(insert unknown quantity syllabled word with unknown definition as part of a song title Kevin can't remember at the moment) of Infinity", which appeared in studio form on Perverted By Language. Because the album is primarily a singles collection, the songs are about as "tatchy" as the Fall got this period before Erik Smith joined and things got relatively slicker. An overly simplistic and somewhat inarturate generalization of Fall songs would (and I will) say take one part prominent bass line, two parts repetitive guitar riffs, and one part repetitive and obtuse sing/speak from an angry/annoyed individual. Side 1's band still contained Marc Riley, so add occasional cheesy organ and side 2 adds another drummer, so

the pertussion becomes more intricate. The tempo is likely to change during the course of the song and dancing is not recommended. (Insertion answer for paragraph #2 worth 5 points if you're familiar with the song in question, 53 pt.s if you've ever trapped on a napkin-Neighborhood)

Fans of the Fall will be relieved to be able to hear these songs without having to shell out the exesavive singles prices they would otherwise cost. Anyone unfamiliar with the band who enjoys a musical challenge is encouraged to introduce your mind to this or any Fall album. (Insert some sort of summarization that praises the band and has a unifying effect on the ointment.) (Insertion answer for paragraph #3 worth one self inflicted groinal strike if you're still reading this, two of them if you stopped 2 1/2 paragraphs back-I just don't care anymore)

Kevin Mead

WEIRD VS. WHATEVER THE OPPOSITE OF WEIRD IS

There is no doubt about it, weirdness is a virtue unto itself. And when it's wielded creatively, weirdness will be remembered long after normalcy disappears. In one hundred years when the name Mike Hayden brings to mind a contestant in the Jed Clampett soundalike contest, Porky Pig's face will be forever replaced by that of Evan Meetham's at the end of every Looney Tunes cartoon. Even in the field of mass murder, where weirdness is a prerequisite, it is creativity that puts one head and shoulders above every other Tom, Dick and Charlie. Take Ed Gein, one of the more infamous in his field in this or any other century. He utilized his forty-odd victims' skins as a fashion statement, creating nifty belts and vests and their peeled-off fates as an inexpensive alternative to dime store Hallowe'en masks.

But enough of this sentimental stroll down Moss Murder Lane (a lane I'd think twice about buying a condo on.) College Radio is a haven for weirdness in music. And where plain weird can get you appreciated, treatative weirdness can get you respected. As far as unpredictable weirdness goes, Eugene Chadbourne can give Big Black or the Butthole Surfers a run for their money any day. Chadbourne came into his own with the group Shochabilliy. Their "Vlet Nam" album blended alot of traditional forms of music with some forms they made up on their own. Chadbourne has since teamed up with various musicians on independently-produced cassettes and has a fairly new solo lp barked by Evan Johns and the H-Bombs, "Vermin of the Blues."

He has also teamed up with Camper Van Beethoven (whose previous ips have proven them to be much more than white-bread normal) for an effort which is surprisingly titled "Camper Van Chadbourne." Listening to this album was like swilling a six-pack of light altohol beer. It just seemed like something was missing. It certainly wasn't musical instruments. There are more of those on this album than you can shake a flea market at. But on some cuts such as "Ba-lue Bolivar Ba-lues" they layer so

many of them in such a hodge-podge, it's like throwing a whole symphony orchestra into a 300 foot blender. It's not missing sharp lyrical writing either, such as in "Feyettenam," a tale of redneck Feyetteville, Arkansas meeting a nutlar holocaust to the tune of a country ballad. There are painfully few original songs here, but you can't fault the covers for lack of originality. They do a Zappa medley that begins as a hoe-down of sorts and ends as a psychedelict monster jam from hell. Not even the Frankmeister himself could have pulled it off so well.

Maybe this album isn't missing that much at all. But if this is light alcohol, then Chadbourne's "Vermin of the Blues" is Anchor Steam ale. It's not relegated to the country rut that so much of "Camper Van" seems stuck in. It's also hard to go wrong with Evan Johns and the H-Bombs backing it up. They can easily metamorphose from a Sonic Youth head-full-of-fuzzy sound to the Stray Cats popped out of their brains on L.S.D. and amphetamines. It just seems that the creative madness of "Vermin" is utilized in a more original fashion than on "Camper Van Chadbourne."

If this album were done by any number of much more pretentious bands, it would be a milestone. Take R.E.M., who delight in putting on the "If this is Athens, we must be artists" pose with so many interviewers these days. If they had the guts to put out an album half this diverse and (let us not forget) weird, I would carry Michael Stipes' child to full term. Hearing Eugene Chadbourne's and Camper Van Beethoven's solo work makes this effort pale in comparison. But creative weirdness in music allows for some lapses from time to time. If only Ed Gein hadn't withered away in a mental hospital. Just think what he could have done with a large intestine.

---Bill Covington

INDUSTRIAL UPDATE

Repetition. That is what drove me away from a lot of today's music. Full of strings and choruses of horns and embellishments I can't possibly begin to name in the space allowed me. Rock has ceased to be rock. Our radios have been sanitized and commercialized. Also, a lot of the feeling and soul is missing from rock. That urge, that hormonal spur that kicks a gleam in you and your friend's eyes and makes you both exclaim, "I want to kill somebody, or if I can't kill 'em, I wanna fuck 'em." (The thoughts of Mr. Greig are not necessarily those of the management.-ed.) That is what rock and roll is all about, emotion sex and violence and not necessarily in that order. Good hardcore will still give me that feeling, but even that is starting to blend together in a soup without meat of any kind.

Raw noise, uncompromising and unrelenting, is the only cure palatable. The sounds of Boy Dirt Car, or the Japanese master of collage, Merzbow, or early Controlled Bleeding cut the proverbial mustard. HNAs, Gerechtigkeits Liga or recent lps by SPK act as a balm to soothe throbbing nerves. A more rhythmic mood? Try some Amor Fati, Skinny Puppy, or Severed Heads. For ambient sounds check out Randy Greif, John Hudak or the Crolners, from a gentleman who uses tape loops almost exclusively.

I'll give examples of these and other artists on the Midnight Hour, March 27, from midnight to 11:00am. Hats off to KNUW, 89.1 fm for being the only station in Wichita that has the testicles to play this kind of music on the air.

---Art Greig



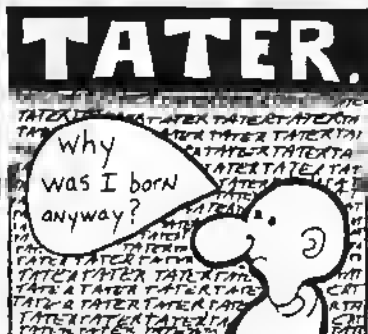
INDEPENDENT THINKING with Timothy Gilbert

This time Gilbert fills in for the vacationing Ed Anger.

I'm pissed. I'm mad as hell at a certain minority faction of our all too thinly sliced society. This minority group is sub-divided into endless little clans of individuals who fight among one another. There is no other minority that exists that is as destructive of its own social environment. This minority is the musicians.

Think about it. In our evolving society we have seen the urgency and the intelligence of working together as one world, one people to confront issues of global importance like starvation, disease, or the policing of our national interests. We are no longer a world made up of little tribes who know little of the folks in the next valley or on the other island. We have become a world of interacting cultures and can no longer afford to "look the other way" on any issues. Our social standards are ever increasingly being set to more international scales. This is a must if we all are to continue living on this one planet. In this age of global and social interaction why can't two musical tastes exist in the same room without one trying to force the other to feel inferior?

Just look around. Followers of a certain type of music are notorious for the bigoted attitude that theirs is the only "true" music and anyone who deviates from their norm falls outside the desired social circle into the realm of THEM. It really doesn't matter which music I'm talking about. All of them have these prevailing prejudices. I've never seen such a wimpy, narrow-minded group of immature brats in all my life as most of the musicians I've met. I listen to all music available to me, so I occasionally find myself in "musically ethnic" situations where some connoisseur of some music is trying to browbeat me into submission with saintless steel reasons why THEIR music is the only true music. And damn my soul if I should differ. Well it seems to me that with all the different kinds of music available to us it's a little too much to ask that we find just that certain one kind and religiously adhere to it →



In a quarter revolution, the word rolls over the two center fingers and is entering the space between third and little fingers

only. In this highly integrated world of ours, we are now, more than any other time in the history of our planet, free to explore the musics, past and present, of the various cultures of our world.

So why all the bigotry and tribal warring among musicians? Can't they realize that music-ANY AND ALL MUSIC-is a singular thing, a manifestation of being alive? Music, regardless of its origin, is often the best and in some cases the only record of a culture. Music is the best record of historical events from a social level. But why do musicians have to whisper rudely behind each others' backs? Where did this attitude come from? Obviously from each other. I've heard members of infinitely different musical persuasions, all, at some time, make derogatory remarks about each other. I can't stand it.

The plight of the amateur musician is a self-inflicted wound. If musicians won't recognize the fact that all music is a beautiful thing, then I feel no pity for them when they can't achieve a decent audience. I think we should all boycott any contact with music and musicians that carry the elitist attitude. All my life I've been raised not to be prejudiced towards anybody because of color, religion, or whatever. Then I became a musician and saw total prejudice everywhere I turned. Well I'm just about sick of it. All music is really just one big thing, and until musicians and their followers accept it and become unified, music will continue to be the biggest area of heathen human misuse since religious persecution. I could say a lot more but I think I've said enough to make my point and, I hope, raise a little consciousness about this most distasteful situation.

TEETH
LOWEST PRICES
SEND NO
MONEY



As the pressures of his job and failed marriage grew more and more unbearable, it was inevitable that one day George would reach out and touch "Purée"...



THE BEST LPS OF 1987

(IN OUR HUMBLE OPINIONS)

I know, March of '88, and here we are just now releasing our favorite albums of last year. Maybe it is too late for this foolishness. Maybe you couldn't care less what our favorite lps of '87 are. That sort of thing has never stopped us before. Why should it stop us now?

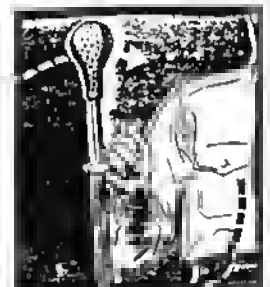
SABINA- Front 242 or Caterwaul? Teri really has this knack for screwing up a perfectly happy year. There is no way I can choose one lp as my favorite for an entire year. So I chose two of my many favorites.

Front 242 is, of course, the wonderful industrial dance band that put out a very mean (but quite happy) full length lp this year. Quite excellent, as I love good dance music. Their lp is entitled Official Version.

Caterwaul is a not-so-popular band from Phoenix, Arizona. They put out an absolutely beautiful (I had to say that, they sent me a Christmas card last year) record that is reminiscent of Siouxsie and Cocteau Twins. But then again I don't like to rely on comparisons that much. Their lp is entitled The Nature of Things.

By the way, neither one of these are POP music!

JAKE- Big Black "Songs About Fucking"- On a bad day, you can have fun just by asking for this record in stores. (Leaving Trains put out an lp called "Fuck" last year, but "Songs About Fucking" sounds dirtier somehow.) It's my favorite album of the year because every cut was so edgy that you just about died of suspense, and because of the line in "Bad Penny" (which sadly, you didn't hear on the radio) that goes, "I think I fucked your girlfriend once, maybe twice, I don't remember. Then I fucked all your friends' girlfriends and now they all hate you." That sounds like something that could really happen. Runner-Up: Mekons "Honky Tonkin!"



While the button is rolling around the little finger, the hand is turned over to give the stick a twist and keep it spinning smoothly

PETE- "Oh My Gawd... the Flaming Lips"- What this album does for me is beyond explanation (but I'm gonna try.) It calms me when I am wound up. It winds me up when I am calm. It tweeks my eardrums when it should stroke and strokes when it should tweek. It allows me a way to see without using my obvious sight. It provides for me a mapped out journey of madcap weirdness spanning an ever-too-short twelve inches of manmade vinyl.

Thank "Gawd" for this album, for it has rescued me from musical oblivion with a good dose of the very same. Happiness lies in insanity. Or is it the other way around? Who knows? Best lp of '87, most assuredly, "Oh my Gawd...the Flaming Lips."

GOOD ROCKIN' CHARLES- Barrance Whitfield and the Savages "Call of the Wild"

In the big-city tradition of Chicago and Detroit style rockin' soul music, Barrance and the Savages break east-coast ground in the Boston area. Vocals reminiscent of Otis Redding and Screaming Jay Hawkins and solid, modern arrangements played by a traditional back-up band. He moans, raves, preaches, gets up and puts it back down with a fervor that sent shivers up and down my speakers, not to mention set my feet and mind in motion. Every cut a solid piece worthy of top 40 play, but they probably won't get it. Fuck 'em anyway, the top 40 crowd doesn't deserve this rare treat.

KEVIN S.- Coil "Horse Rotorvator"- What can I say about this? The Modern Lovers are playing in the background and I'm trying to think intelligently.

Coil brought joy to my ears with this excursion into the brighter side of life. It was encouraging to hear them reach beyond and expand their industrial/electrical universe. My favorite cut is "Ostia." The strings and images of dripping honey mixed with the intrigue of murder thrilled my cochlea. The skipping effects used in "Penetralia" always catch me off guard. The beautiful dark moods of "The Golden Section" and "The First Five Minutes After Death" are works recalling a Victorian fascination with transcendence. Of course I can not forget the guest brass "derangements" on "Circles of Mania" by none other than Clint Ruin a.k.a. Foetus. Overall I didn't find a more complete album that sounded fresh every time I put it on for a spin.

IFRI- My '87 lp of preference changes daily, influenced by the number of cocktails consumed and whether I'm feeling friendly or seething with hatred for the sick joke that masquerades as mankind.

Today I'm feeling friendly. And Big Dipper's "Heavens" lp is the vinyl masterpiece of last year. Why "She's Fetching" isn't on some kind of top 40 singles show is beyond me. It's catchy, good hook, young love and all that, plus you can dance to it. Maybe it's just a bit too intelligent. The Dipper guys should be allowed to roam unabated through the halls of Michael Jackson's psycho-mansion while Mikey scrapes for rent in a modest Boston apartment. And Cat Stevens owes them a pizza for "Younger Bums." Every song on this album deserves attention from anyone with a morsel of sense. My favorite is "Mr. Woods." Nobody can mangle a cliché like this. Gary Waleik is a guitarist deluxe and any guitar-hero fanatic/dork can fight me to the death over that. Or not. Whatever.

In spurts of ugliness I vote for Kildozers' "BurL." As far as I'm concerned, "the Pope" can "fondle Ann-Margret's breasts" anytime.

TOM- I don't have any favorites, or rather, I can't really think of any. Well damn, I just don't pick favorites at all, so this is just something off the top of my head. Wendy O. Williams and the Plasmatics' "Maggots the Record." Somehow the idea of maggots consuming the world seems quite appealing. Now I'm not much of a metal fan, but I don't really consider this to be metal. I think I just like the little narrations in between songs. I'm sure this demonstrates an utter lack of taste, intelligence, wit, ect., ect. to those of more refined tastes, but really now, who cares?

RACINE- There's always an album that reminds me of a particular year. 1977 was "Saturday Night Fever (Thank God we're only ten once.)" Last year, a decade later, the album I heard the most was "Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me" by the Cure. Rickling, screaming, fevered, it was fun but not mindless, intense but accessible, hot and cold. Right now I'm sick of the album. Last summer I listened to it alot. But, in a year or so, I'll blow the dust off of it and enjoy a couple of listens.

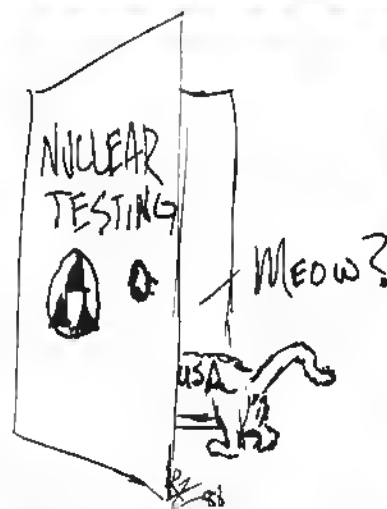
JOEL-Snakefinger "Night of Desirable Objects"- When I arrived at Club DVB in San Francisco where Snakefinger and his Vestal Virgins were going to play, I really wasn't sure what to expect. I'd seen Snakefinger once before in Lawrence (KS) on tour with the Residents' 13th Anniversary Show but he was just a back-up performer. At that point all I'd seen him do solo was play pinball in Cogburn's.

When the band took the stage I was really surprised. They were a tight, well-rehearsed, demented pop band. I was taken back by how ordinary they all looked, dressed in out-of-date 70's style clothes, which was a nice contrast to the "Dress in Black" set posed around me. Snakefinger's equipment looked like he'd owned it all his life, beat up and worn with an old guitar placed on a tattered suitcase for slide effects. He was great, covering a whiplash variety of styles, contrasting almost everything you think of in a band or performer.



Pure air is fed to this infants gas mask by operating the bellows with the hands

And now to the point. One of the things that usually add special meaning to music is the accompaniment of a visual memory. Snakefinger's last album, "Night of Desirable Objects," arrived at the station just before I left for San Francisco. I really didn't have time to listen to it. Now it's become my personal "most played" album of 1987. Each cut is different (like the concert.) It dips into a kind of favorite style catalog of Snakefinger's mind. Blues, weird pop, funk and folk are all covered with equal skill. It's probably Snakefinger's best produced album. Like anything that you enjoy, it leaves you wanting more. The catch is, there won't be more.



CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT

REM?

AN IMAGINARY INTERVIEW WITH R.E.M.

Since their inception in 1980, or whatever, R.E.M. has proven itself to be one of the most visionary, innovative, and influential bands in the annals of rock and roll. Their finely-crafted folk rock sound has influenced such chart-topping, powerhouse bands as Waxing Poetics, The American Music Club, No Range, Boys With Guns, Saqqara Dogs, Deeper And Happier, Slender Thread, The Audabon Relief, Skill-In-Trade, From The Window, O Positive, Summation, and The Byrds. With five staggering L.P.s to their credit-not to mention an E.P. and album-length B-side compilation-the band has displayed a rich diversity rare in contemporary pop, ranging from the brooding, folk influenced drone of "Chronic Town" to the dark, almost folk-like introspection of "Document." Having just been proclaimed by Rolling Stone magazine The Most Important Rock Band In The World, it would be easy to write off R.E.M. as just more fodder for the star-making machine; but this is a band with a soul and it was this soul that I set out to capture in words.

I met up with R.E.M. in an autumn field sixteen miles from the nearest telephone. The band, which consists of lead singer Michael Stipe and three other people, had already arrived, and were exchanging Jim Croce albums, which they subsequently hid. Stipe, who is sometimes photographed shirtless, was wearing cool, yet understated clothes of the type popular in 1972, as were the others.

JE: I guess one thing I've always wondered about is the lyrics to your songs. What are they?
MICHAEL STIPE: Yeah, we get asked that alot, and I'll tell you what I tell the others...just that, I wish I could answer that question. I've found that if I try to explain them they don't work anymore, like a great poem or something. It's just that they're very personal and if you try to dissect them, then that's like vandalizing a great work of art.

JE: What would be an example?
MS: Well, "Cuyahoga," for instance. What happened with "Cuyahoga" was that I had this idea for a line, "Let's put our hands together/Start a new world," and then I remembered about this river catching fire somewhere because it was so polluted. And so I sort of put the two ideas together and that's how we ended up with that song.

ONE OF THE OTHERS: Which song was that?

MS: "Cuyahoga."

JE: But you feel that if you tried to explain...

MS: Exactly. If I tried to explain those two influences or ideas-the start a new world idea and the polluted river idea-then...well it's just too intensely personal. It's not...it would be like vandalizing a great work of art.

JE: How about "Exhuming McCarthy"?

MS: "Exhuming McCarthy" is another example of a song with a lot of personal meaning for me.

JE: How so?

MS: Well, McCarthy was this U.S. Senator from... you know, one of the states.

JE: Yeah.

MS: And so a lot of the things he did I really disagree with.

JE: Yeah.

MS: And so I started wondering what it would be like to exhume him.

OOTO(a little frightened): But not really.
MS: No, not really. I just mean, like, in spirit.

OOTO: Oh.

JE: And so what does...how...

MS: That's just a very personal thing for me, exhuming McCarthy. I can't explain it. It just is.

OOTO: Which song is this now?

MS: "Exhuming McCarthy." It's one of the new ones. Never mind.

JE: And so you...

MS: I can't...

(A short pause ensues.)

JE: In "Radio Free Europe" you sing... What do you sing in "Radio Free Europe"?

MS: Well "Radio Free Europe" is a song that's very interior with me. It has a lot of meaning for me, but it's not something you can get at in words.

It would be like...trying to explain a great poem or something, like a work of art.

JE: Almost like vandalizing a great work of art?

MS: Exactly.

OOTO: Michael, I'm hungry.

(Another pause ensues.)

JE: Rolling Stone magazine in a recent cover story called R.E.M. the most important rock band in the world. How...

OOTO: Who did this?

JE: Rolling Stone magazine.

OOTO: I'm sorry. Go ahead.

JE: I was just going to ask what effect something like that would have on the band. Do you feel like you've sold out somehow, or do you feel like the band has retained it's integrity?

MS: No I don't think we've sold out at all. If you listen to, say, "1,00,000" off our first E.P. and then a track off the new one back to back I think you'd see what I mean. I mean, we've always been

very popular with the critics.

OOTO: Which song from the first E.P., Michael?

MS: "1,00,00"

OOTO: Which... I can't remember which one that is.

ANOTHER ONE OF THE OTHERS: Was the first E.P. the one with the pretty cover or the one with the monster cover?

OOTO: I think the first E.P. was the one with the monster cover.

AOTO: Oh, I don't like that one. I like the one with the pretty cover.

OOTO: Michael, which one was the one with the pretty cover?

MS(Ignoring OOTO): Any way, my point is that it should be no surprise to anyone who has read Rolling Stone that they would want to honor us in that way. It doesn't mean that we're selling out and it doesn't mean that we're not selling out. It doesn't mean... anything. You know? Why should it?

AOTO: What does E.P. mean anyway?

OOTO: I know what L.P. means. I'm still hungry. I like "Time In A Bottle."

(Long pause.)

JE: Who are some of your musical influences?

MS: We're completely original.

(Long pause.)

JE: A hostile critic once called your music "murky, self-important, pop manure dressed up as art." How do you answer attacks like those?

MS: Just...you know, what do the critics know? If people... Do you mind if I take off my shirt?

JE: Go ahead.

MS(Removing shirt): I'm just saying that if people had listened to the critics we might never have had the Beatles.

JE: How do you figure?

MS: Well, I mean, what do the critics know anyway? Who cares? Music is a personal thing.

JE: How would you compare your band with the Beatles?

MS: We're in the top 40 now.

OOTO: Michael, I'm starving.

MS: We're getting there.

--Jake Euker

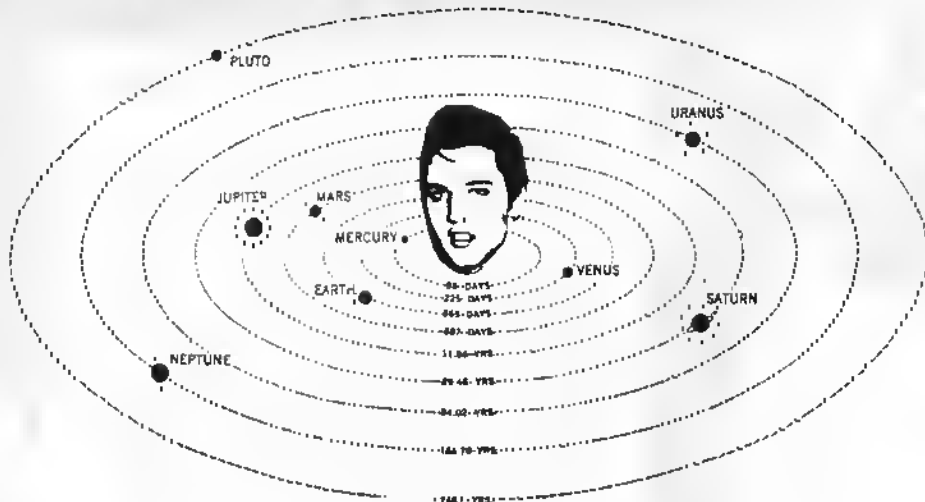


Fig. 13.

Solar System showing planets and their satellites, with the orbit of each, and time required by each planet to revolve completely around the Sun.



Here the baton has slipped free from the little finger and is turning unheld in the air. The hand turns over quickly for the catch

WICHITA ART ASSOCIATION FILMS SAYS HELLO

Why? Because despite being located in one of Wichita's bastions of high culture (9112 E. Central), and being pretty good at dragging out the highbrow classics of film history from time to time ourselves, we're also dedicated to the kind of alternative popular culture that AFTER MIDNIGHT represents. Like AFTER MIDNIGHT, we provide a more discerning, radical and experimental alternative to the commercial offerings-- in your case, Top 40 and AOR, in ours, the local theaters and TV. And we'd like to introduce ourselves.

Purely on a musical basis, we've done programs that would appeal to AFTER MIDNIGHT listeners-- as you may have heard on AFTER MIDNIGHT, we brought David Byrne's film TRUE STORIES and Laurie Anderson's concert film HOME OF THE BRAVE. We're also the ones who brought William S. Burroughs to Wichita for the first time in history (and a memorable night it was, as the great writer sat on the stage usually inhabited by 8-year-olds playing shepherds and wise men and told people in the most colorful of terms not to pee in a jar for anybody).

And moving a little further afield, we've had programs devoted to jazz, when film preservationist Bob DeFlores came to town with his jazz clips. And to blues and zydeco: there's one coming up, in fact, on January 8th, when we show two documentaries by Les Blank, one on Cajun culture and one on poika music, in the wonders of Smellaround-- which means that we'll cook up a mess of Cajun food in the theater during the film, and afterwards have a food tasting.

Leaving the realm of music, we think a lot of you might be interested in the other kinds of films we've presented. New independent American films like Jim Jarmusch's new wave comedy DOWN BY LAW, with Tom Waits and John Lurie of the Lounge Lizards, or Robert Altman's film about Nixon, SECRET HONOR. Top new foreign films like the sexy thriller THE 4TH MAN, from Paul Verhoeven (ROBOCOP), or MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRETTE. Older films from Truffaut to Buster Keaton to Kubrick. Collections of animation and experimental films. And so on.

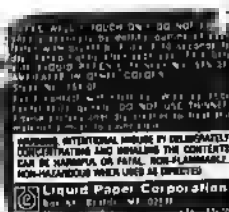
Anyway, in a town known as a black hole for film appreciation, we think we've made a pretty decent stab at providing a wide range of unusual and otherwise unseen films, presented under technical conditions markedly better to most previous non-commercial venues in town (not to name any names). Next time you want to see a movie and everything in town stars Glenn Close, think about trying our alternative instead. To get our current and future schedules, call 686-6687 or stop by the Art Association, Watermark Books, or many other local culture hangouts. Thanks to AFTER MIDNIGHT and GOPHER PURGE PRESS for allowing us this space to blow our own horn; solidarity for alternative culture!

--Michael Gebert

HOW COULD THESE BOYS BE ALLIES WITH THE RUSSIANS ???



We are humbly grateful to, and wish to acknowledge Mrs. Nesmith. Not only did she give birth to Mike Nesmith, legendary ex-Monkey, she also invented Liquid Paper, without which Gopher Purge Press would not be possible. Thank you Mrs. Nesmith.



THE COLOR ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY'S FACE CONTEST

Simply apply color of any medium to the radiant likeness of Elizabeth Montgomery's Face, send your masterpiece to us and maybe win one of three coveted copies of the Embarrassment's latest lp. The long-awaited record contains the Embarrassment ep in it's entirety, plus two previously unreleased tracks, three cuts from the Retrospective cassette, one from the Fresh Sounds compile cassette, and something else that falls apart at the end. It's got a cool cover done by Bill Goffrier.

Send your entry to Gopher Purga Press by April 30. The three we like best will win "The Embarrassment LP" and something else if we can think of it. Our address is:

GPP

c/o KMW

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If you can't wait, pick a copy up at Second Time Around or write Time To Develop Records at PO Box 1722, Lawrence, KS 66044.



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